

The Mirror

OF

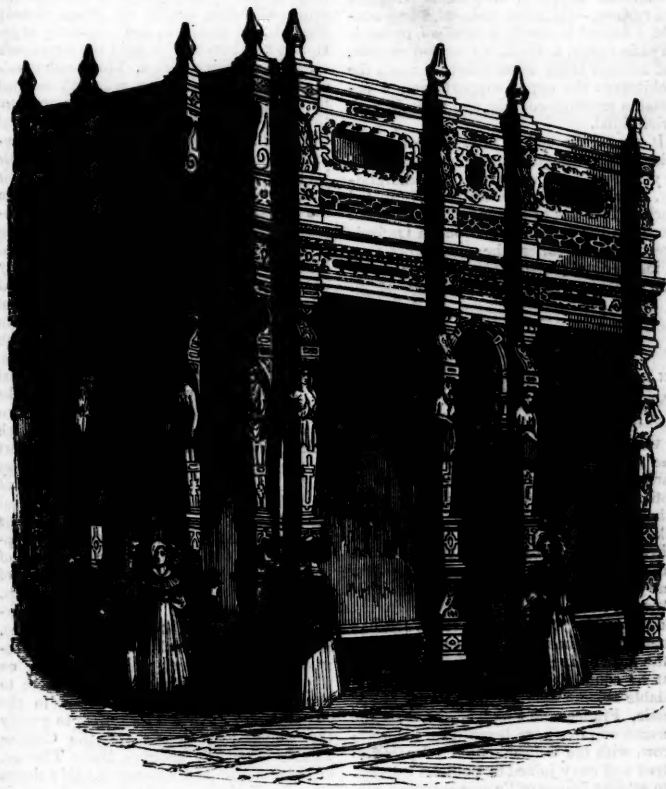
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1053.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.]

LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.



ELIZABETHAN SHOP FRONT,

CORNER OF OXFORD-STREET AND BERNERS-STREET.

THE improved taste displayed in fitting up shop-fronts in the metropolis, in the present day, must have struck even the most listless passenger through its crowded streets. Several designs of this class are in the Renaissance or Elizabethan style, and present excellent architectural compositions; and from their tasteful details they must prove attractive, and consequently beneficial, in

a commercial view, to the parties at whose expense these improvements have been executed.

The shop-front of Messrs. Battam, Craske, and Colby, above represented, is rich in well-executed details; though, as a whole, it is scarcely so successful as other designs of the same class. Messrs. Jackson and Co., of Rathbone-place, are, we believe, the

artists. It consists of a shop-front and mezzanine story; the ground being of wood, the trusses and window-dressings of cement, and the rest of paste composition. "The enrichments of the entablature, mouldings, modillions, block-dressings, heads, &c., are of paste; part of the lower dressings in deal, and the figures cast in Atkinson's cement." Instead of columns, we have ornamental supports, of peculiar richness and variety,—viz., a low pedestal, a deep console, a second pedestal, a *terminal*, or semi-caryatic figure, a block, a reversed console, and another block immediately beneath the architrave: the upper supports are, a pedestal, a reversed console, and a block, with a rich finial.

It should be added that, to render the Elizabethan designs complete, they should be *picked out* with various colours and gilding, so as almost to resemble illuminated work. This has been done only to a small extent, in the fascia of the front in Oxford-street; but, hereafter, the proprietors may be induced to perfect this elaborate specimen of decorative art.

THE DESERTERS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

IN THREE PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

It was in the month of November, 1761. The Austrians, under Marshal Daun, had marched from Dresden to the heights of Siptitz and the town of Torgau, a camp hitherto deemed impregnable; and Frederick, the great monarch of Prussia, had united his battered forces, as if misfortune had disturbed his reason, and resolved to trust his fate to the chances of a single battle. Five years of the terrible contest known as the "Seven Years' War" had passed, and although he was yet in the field at the head of an army, it seemed impossible that he could much longer oppose the formidable alliance against him. Austria and Russia, France and Sweden, with half the German empire, were leagued for his overthrow, with the determination of personal hatred and envy joined to political interest. The ancient houses of Europe regarded him but as a royal *parvenu*, and their united exertions had reduced him so low that he had balanced in his mind (a mind, alas! amid its brilliant attributes destitute of the infinitely more valuable sense of religion), whether to end, with his own hand, an existence which seemed deprived of happiness and glory, or make this last struggle against his triumphant foes.

His fortunes indeed were at a low ebb. Even Berlin, the metropolis, was in the hands of his enemies. It was at this period

that he quoted to his friend le Marquis d'Argens those two lines, melancholy and beautiful, but unworthy a great mind—

"Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,

La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir."*

A deep interest pervaded the ranks of the Prussian army, from the highest officers to the lowest man, to know what their sovereign meant by disposing his forces in the order of battle, before an army already flushed with conquest, and so greatly superior in numbers as well as in the formidable strength of their position. The common soldiers in such a situation, although counted by the great ones of the earth as no more than so many cattle, have the natural thoughts and feelings of men. They canvass secretly the wisdom and plans of their leaders, to whose prudence and skill their lives and fortunes are committed, and, in the present instance, the long train of reverses which had driven the Prussian king to the brink of ruin, had not only deprived him of the *prestige* of victory, so necessary to a general on the eve of a battle, but had diminished the confidence of the troops, not only in his chances of success, but even in the soundness of his reason. There were some among those stern and gloomy troops, encamped at Torgau beneath the dismal forebodings of approaching winter, and the yet more lowering shadows of their own prospects, who, in the passive patience which habit, education, and hard necessity impart to the mass of mankind, gave themselves up for lost, and looked to find the end of their toils and sufferings in the unequal contest of the succeeding day, should their desperate leader persist in his present apparent determination to stand the hazard of one. There were some who thought of their distant cottages, their aged parents, dependent upon them for support, the harvest fields now wasted with war and famine, and almost doubted the existence of a benevolent Providence, while reflecting on the recklessness with which they were to be driven to the field like beasts to the shambles, and there slaughtered, to gratify the womanly vengeance of the Czarine Elizabeth and the haughty Marie Therese, or the ambition and jealousy of half a dozen other individuals, at whose nod the fiends of war were thus unloosed to prey upon poor and defenceless millions.

But these thoughts, which spite of himself would struggle up in the soldier's breast, as the various indications around gave token of the approaching shock, were kept carefully to himself, and even endeavoured to be banished as a kind of crime—for it is one of the characteristics of war, that while its illusive glory gilds the most monstrous

* When one has lost everything, when there is no more hope, life is a disgrace, and death a duty.

VICES with the hue of heroic virtue, the most natural and just sentiments of reason and humanity are branded with infamy.

"What has come over old Fritz?" said Karl Schultz, an old soldier who had served during the whole war, but who began to think it was all in vain.

"Come over him!" echoed Adolph Arndt, one of his companions in arms. "He's mad!"

"I think so too!" said Karl. "The old chap is mad. I have heard others say so who ought to know better than we."

"I don't care for death more than another," rejoined Adolph; "but, *Blitz und Granaten!* one likes to see some chance. Here it's just as sure as fate that we are all blown to atoms. There won't be so much as a drum left in the whole army."

"Ah, Adolph!" said Karl, after a short pause, "do you remember our pretty little village of Rathenau?"

"Don't I?" said Adolph; "and your and my cottages on the Havel, and the fruit orchard between them, and the dear fields we used to cultivate together! When did you hear from your wife?"

"Not since a year, and then she was very ill since the death of my poor daughter. Sweet child! only fourteen years old! How little I thought when I kissed her rosy mouth and wiped away the tears from her cheeks—and—from my own—that—that—"

"Ah, bah!" said Adolph. "We mustn't think of those things. You know my poor wife herself is dead, and has left a house full of young brats. One of them—ha! ha! ha!—one of them I have never seen myself. She was born just after we left; and my poor Karlina!—she died in giving it birth."

As he spoke, and even while the smile lingered on his face, the old soldier pulled down his cap and turned aside, as if to arrange it on his head, but in fact to dash off a tear.

"Ah, I wish this war was over. I want peace," cried Karl. "I am tired. I must have repose. I'm getting old and melancholy. Long ago, if it had not been for my family, I should have taken a sound sleep on the field of battle. I'm sick of drums and trumpets, of commands and menaces, of death and glory. It costs too much. Our old Fritz is crazy! and we suffer for it; but whom have we here?"

"Ha, what! Frederick! the son of my neighbour Frumm? How now, my lad! What makes you turn soldier?"

And the two old veterans embraced the young stranger, pressing him warmly to their hearts, and kissing him through their rough moustaches, first on one cheek, then on the other, and lastly on the lips.

"Yes, they've got me at last," said Frederick; "but I'm content. I have been un-

fortunate at home—so has everybody else, I believe."

"How so?"

"My father was killed in battle. My mother died of grief. The farm has gone to ruin. My sweetheart has run off with a bragging lieutenant; and—but I am very selfish. I am giving you all my affairs, when you doubtless would rather hear your own."

"Well! what is the news for us? Have you brought any letters?"

"Yes. Here's a letter for Adolph from his daughter."

"Give it me?"

"And here's one for Karl—from—"

"My wife!" said Karl.

"No—your daughter."

"My daughter?"

"Even so."

"And why does not—my—from my daughter? and nothing from my wife?"

"No."

The old soldier cast a scrutinizing look upon this messenger of woe, and then threw down the letter.

"I cannot read it."

"Pooh! pooh! Here, take it again. What, man! every one must die!" said Frederick.

"She is dead, then!"

"Yes, two months ago!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the sturdy soldier, sitting down upon a rock, and covering his face with his hands. "I thought so; I knew so. I had always a presentiment we should never meet again. Oh my wife! my wife! my good, faithful, beloved—oh! oh! oh!"

"Come, come," said Frederick, "cheer up, and read your letter."

"I cannot, I cannot—read it you. I cannot see. These tears blind my eyes. Oh, cursed be these wars. They found me a happy, rich farmer—surrounded by a family of affectionate and contented children, and blessed with the best of wives. They have made me lonely and desolate. My little property gone, my time wasted, my fields sterile, my house in ruins, my child, whose innocent face I never saw, came to the earth and departed; and now my wife, who has known nothing but suffering since I left her—my wife dead! and I not there to close her eyes—to wipe away her tears—to—receive her cold form in my arms—on my bosom. A thousand million curses on these wars! Well, read the letter."

"Here it is," said Frederick, tearing open the seal.

"MY DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,—Our blessed mother is dead. She suffered a great deal. She was seven months sick. We had no doctor, and sometimes no covering and no food. Our dear mother might have got well, they say, if we could have

made a little money, but we could not. She always loved and prayed for you. She pronounced your name the last time she spoke, and prayed you might come home and take care of your children. She is buried in the little grave-yard by the river. There is no tomb, but we shall never forget where she lies. The village is in ruins. They have taken our cottage for a debt. We have no home now. God, who cares for the ravens, only can take care of us. Oh! dear beloved father! when, when will you come home? Brother Albert is not in good health, and sister is wasting her time in idleness. Your affectionate daughter,
LOUISE."

While this scene was taking place, Adolph had read the letter directed to him. It was from his second daughter, and ran thus:—

"MY BELOVED FATHER,—You must come home. I cannot explain; but I fear Marie is not the same girl she was when you left. A gentleman has proposed to marry her, but everybody says he never will. She believes he will, and loves him, and says she is going away with him to Amsterdam. We are all well, but very unhappy, and long to see you. Dearly beloved father, your affectionate daughter,
"THERESE."

LINES,

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL SMILING.

SURELY there's no sin or sorrow
In so fair a form enshrined!
Sure, those looks their radiance borrow
From the sunshine of the mind!
Can a breast of snowy whiteness
Harbour guile, or guilt conceal?
Do not eyes of sunny brightness
Pure and pleasant thoughts reveal?
But can e'er so rich a treasure
In this lower world be found
As a heart that beats for pleasure,
And has all its wishes crown'd?
No—that brow must soon be clouded,
Now so innocent and fair;
And that loveliness be shrouded
In a world of change and care.

Doncaster.

L.

HONEY OF THE HYMETTUS.

HYMETTUS was certainly, at one time, more abundantly supplied with flowers than at present; these, too, so strongly scented that hounds, on that account, frequently lost trace of the game when hunting on these regions. But there is no land like Greece, in which, for centuries, the works, not only of men, but of nature also, have been, as far as possible, destroyed. Trees and shrubs were cut down, in the continued wars, without any thought of the consequence; and what the axe spared, the shepherds burned, in order to raise from the ashes, during the first year, a few blades of grass

for their goats. Were not the Grecian climate so favourable, the greatest part of the country must, long since, have become a bare, stony, and rocky wilderness.

The Hymettus has now no better vegetation than the mountains of Attica. The honey of the Laurion mountains was much prized. (*Erica Mediterranea* grows there in abundance.) Throughout Greece, honey is more agreeable and aromatic than in other lands, owing to the heat being moderate, for which reason the juices of the plants are in a more concentrated state. But that the honey of the Hymettus was anciently esteemed the best in Greece may, in a great measure, proceed from this: that its situation was in the neighbourhood of the capital, where every thing must be of the best: its fame seems partly to have been identified with the sweetness of ruling Athens; now, at least, the honey of the Hymettus no longer possesses its superiority: it is, in other neighbourhoods, finer and more aromatic, e.g. in many of the Cyclades, especially in Sèkino.

The greatest quantity of honey is obtained from the monastery of Syrian, to the north-east of the city, and is delivered to the local archbishop. The shepherds at the other parts of the Hymettus have also, most probably, bee-hives; and the honey from Pentelicon is also reckoned among the Hymettic. The number of hives on these mountains yielding honey has been averaged, of late years, at 5000.

The principal food of these bees is *Satureia capitata*, (*Saturei*;) then *Lentiscus*, *Cistus*, *Salvia*, *Lavandula*, and other herbs. Otherwise, the Hymettus is very bare; at its declivities, and in some of the dales, are wild olives, with shrubs of myrtle, laurel, and oleander. *Pinus maritima* grows on its summit very imperfectly; but near the monastery it is pretty thick. Besides this, there grow on the Hymettus hyacinths, *Amaryllis lutea*, dark violet crocus, &c.*—*Dr. Fiedler's Journey through Greece.*

MR. PERCIVAL JENKS AND HIS BLIGHTED ATTACHMENT.

(Continued from page 204.)

For many nights, then, did Mr. Jenks loiter at the stage-door of the theatre, in painful expectation of meeting the loved object; and as many times was he disappointed. Sometimes he almost inclined himself to believe that the whole race of ballet-girls were not mortal; in fact, that they were constituted of the essential particles of gas, music, and delusion, that floated about the playhouse, (in the same manner as the old philosophers described the production of

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. LII.

blight and fireflies,) dissolving into thin air once more, when the performance had concluded. At all events, it was an extremely difficult creed to reconcile himself to, that the same aerial beings who had been riding on wicker butterflies, flying on muslin clouds, or floating in baths of canvass stretched on wooden frames, in the midst of all the dazzling excitement of a theatre, could go quietly home to sup off bread and cheese, or perhaps onions, or baked sheep's-heads: no, no, it was not likely; they must live, he thought, on the petals of flowers, and drink dew—pure, ethereal mountain dew. Perhaps they did.

One night, after waiting at his accustomed post, with his usual want of success, Jenks turned by chance into a neighbouring house for a bottle of ginger-beer, to allay his thirsty and agitated excitement. It was a theatrical tavern—a house of call for minor actors, where standard-bearers, mobs, pantomime shopkeepers, imps, and banditti, could always be engaged on the shortest notice. Here congregated those facetious individuals who tumble down on the slide which the clown has made with a pat of butter: here also were attendant demons to be found, warranted not to cough, or be choked, in the middle of the most dense fumes from the tray of red-fire ever ignited, as they come up the trap; and here also might be met, Chinese Brothers, Parisian Incomprehensibles, Saltimbanques of Syria, Athenian Athletes, Herculean Egyptians, Bounding Bedouins—in fine, wonderful people from every corner of the earth, and whose most incredible talent, after all, was the perfect knowledge they had acquired of English customs and language.

The bar and parlour of this house were in perfect keeping with its frequenters. The walls were adorned with portraits of every actor that had ever lived, in every character that he ever performed; and there were several pictures of the same actors in two or three different characters, which proved how admirably the performer could change the entire contour of his features together with his costume. Over the fireplace were two elegant chimney ornaments, being representations of Mr. Someone, as El Hyder, and Mrs. Somebody else as Joan of Arc, mounted upon pasteboard, and glittering with stamped tinsel and gold dots. There had been a companion to the above in the shape of Miss Love as Apollo; but the figure first got very rickety about the ankles, and at last, in spite of the match glued on behind, broke off altogether, leaving only a pair of blue boots attached to the ground-piece. The very placards of the prices of various liquors retailed were theatrical. Clowns and pantaloons were fighting with bottles of ginger-beer at "3d. a bottle,"

harlequins supported tablets inscribed with advice to "try our Kennet ale, at sixpence;" and Paul Pry, Jim Crow, and Pusses in Boots, abounded on all sides, lending their aid to vaunt the superiority of the different wines or spirits whose unparalleled cheapness they recorded. The whole interior, in fact, bore the resemblance of a pantomime scene, and you would not have been much taken by surprise, if with a touch of the magic wand, the whole of the walls and fixtures would have turned inside out, or flapped up and down, changing into the Fairy Palace of the Star of Revolving Diamonds, or some other of the regions of delight that conclude our Christmas entertainments. Where those joyous realms are situated we know not—we are only introduced to their glittering localities once a year; and then, with too painful a resemblance to the momentary flashes of happiness which sometimes are allowed to burst upon our own dull world, they are snatched away from our sight, leaving all common-place and life-like as before.

When Mr. Jenks entered the house, a knot of shabby-looking men were collected round the bar, discussing with much enthusiasm the various matters of temporary interest connected with the different theatres. By degrees, our hero joined the circle: he possessed a slight acquaintance with the subject of their conversation—sufficient, at all events, to enable him to give an occasional opinion—and he gradually entered into their arguments; nor was he long in discovering that two of the party were members of the Drury-lane Company. The outlay of sixpence in a pot of the aforesaid "Kennet Ale," procured him an additional degree of respect and a firmer footing in their society; and before long, one of them had invited Mr. Jenks to accompany him behind the scenes the next night, on condition that he would not object to appear on the stage.

"Will it not be intruding?" asked Percival, modestly.

"By no means, sir," returned the man. "The ballet is a heavy piece, and an additional supernumerary will be an advantage rather than otherwise. Should you like to be a vassal or a nobility?"

Percival debated the question in his own mind for an instant. He, however, at last, inclined to the aristocracy, and expressed his determination to become "a nobility," as his new friend had termed it. The man accordingly appointed a rendezvous for six o'clock the next evening; and Mr. Jenks retired home, full of anticipated happiness, and contemplating the prospect of an introduction to the beloved object.

The next day wore sluggishly away, and a quarter of an hour before the appointed time, Percival found himself at the the-

atrical tavern, in a mingled state of excitement, expectation, and xx ale—a small quantity of which he had imbibed to give him the confidence necessary for his “first appearance upon any stage.” His new acquaintance was not long before he joined him, and they walked together in the direction of the stage-door of the theatre, Mr. Jenks not having a perfectly distinct idea of whether he was progressing forwards upon his head or his heels.

They entered the door of the sanctum of the playhouse—the mysterious and spell-girt *coulisses*—and threaded their way through various narrow and intricate passages; now stumbling up, and anon tumbling down, small flights of stairs, and then falling over properties, ropes, spars, and set pieces, which were strewn or crowded in all directions. The walls were rough and unplastered, or covered with thin coats of dirty whitewash; jets of flaring gas burst out at short intervals; and people were constantly hurrying backwards and forwards, pushing Mr. Jenks about in every direction, and requiring him to control his bewildered ideas to the personal care of himself—at least, as far as he was able to do so.

After passing through a part of the theatre, appropriated to all sorts of odd frameworks and contrivances for some display, amongst which he recognised various old well-known stone crosses, wheels for water-mills, and flowery banks and arbours, as well as ruined columns, fortified gateways, and gothic arches, made from wood and canvass, by a species of theatrical petrification, a sudden turn brought him unexpectedly upon the stage; immediately behind the enormous curtain, whose mighty expanse was hanging in sullen grandeur, until the three knocks of the prompter should arouse its attendant machinery.

And this, then, was the stage of Old Drury! This large sloping floor of worn and dirty boards, intersected by rough grooves and slides, and perforated by traps and falling platforms at every step—this area of dust, chalk, splinters, stains, and protruding rails and pegs, was the scene of those countless wonders he had so often gazed upon, when, from the two-shilling gallery, its surface appeared clean, smooth, and regular, as the floors of Windsor Castle! But above all, this was the spot hallowed by the presence of the loved object—he could almost trace the particular board on which her tiny foot descended after one of her aerial bounds. And she would be there again to-night. He should see her—breathe the same air that she did, (and a delightful atmosphere of gas, brimstone, oil, and wet size, it was, only besides being blind, Love occasionally wants some other of the senses; above all, he might perhaps speak to her!

By degrees he became sensible of the buzz of the audience, broken by the intervening curtain into a low continued murmur. The orchestra, too, began to time. First, a solitary violin, like the early chirp of a restless sparrow, or what writers of more poetical invention would call, the first morning carol of the bird of the greenwood, gave the note. This provoked other sounds—the French-horn, who had not yet entered the orchestra, indulged in some flourishes of his own whilst yet under the stage; the trumpet took his instrument to pieces, and blew through each bit separately; the drum performed some manœuvres with the pieces of cord that were stretched along the side, in the self-opinated idea that a drum was capable of being tuned; and the triangle, who had not much to arrange, first looked all round the house, and then nodded, with a patronizing air, to a friend whom he recognised in the front row of the pit.

At last, the overture commenced, and the groups took their respective stations upon the stage, for the first scene of *The Siege of Rochelle*. Mr. Jenks remarked, with some expressions of *naïve* astonishment, that the helmets of the soldiers were not of real steel, and that the peasantesses on the right were working without needles. He moreover observed that they were about to “drink to Victory” in copious libations of air, which philosophically considered, was the only fluid that filled the cups and flagons. He would have indulged in more minute discoveries, had not his friend told him, that the stage must be cleared of all extraneous characters, for the opening chorus; whereupon, he retired behind the wings, first receiving strict injunctions not to go beyond a certain line, because if he did they could see him from the audience part of the house; and the generality of playgoers were getting so very acute in their ideas of dress, that they knew brown tailed coats and plaid waistcoats were not the costumes worn at Rochelle at the period of the siege.

The first act passed away, and Mr. Jenks had seen nothing of his goddess. At this period, his theatrical Mentor summoned him to the gentleman’s dressing-room, in order that his costume might be provided for the ballet. As there was no dress laid out for him, he followed his friend up-stairs to the wardrobe; a long room lined with presses, and provided with large counters, on which were deposited all sorts of tunics, trunks, tights, and tinselled tabards and trimmings. Here he was soon provided with a suit of extraordinary splendour of appearance (from the house); and taking it under his arm, he retraced his steps to the dressing-room, and contrived, by some means or another, to get into it, although it certainly cut him a little under the arm,

and was not so long in the waist as it might have been. His friend applied a little coarse rouge to his cheeks with a hare's foot; and having turned him round two or three times, as if he was playing at blind-man's-buff, without a bandage, declared him perfectly in order to take his place in the groups as a nobility.

With a palpitating heart, Mr. Jenks allowed himself to be led on to the stage, and, not without some misgivings, did he listen to the directions for his subsequent demeanour. At length, the awful moment arrived. The visitors of the Baron had to make their appearance, and, sticking close to his friend, he plunged from behind the side-scene into the full blaze of the lamps and sight of the audience. For an instant he saw nothing but an indistinct and blinding glare, amidst which the foot-lamps appeared to be performing a ballet of their own. But, by degrees, the immense *salle* and its occupants became apparent, forming a vast amphitheatre of heads on each side, which gradually vanished in the distant elevations of the gallery. Between him and the audience, various delicate forms, all with their backs towards him, were twirling and bounding over the stage, and these instantaneously rivetted his sight. Yes—there, at the well-known spot, was the equally familiar golden belt and green wreath, flinging their attendant pair of arms joyously in the air, or linking them in a beauteous circle with their fair companions.

"Bow, bow," said his friend, as the dance concluded, and applause rang through the house.

Mr. Jenks inferred it was to the audience he should make the salute, and accordingly he bent low towards them.

"Pshaw!" remarked his friend, spinning him forcibly round; "You must bow to the Baron—he is supposed to give the feast."

And scarcely knowing what he did, Mr. Jenks repeated his inclination to the Baron, after everybody else had finished. The curtain at this moment descended for the conclusion of the first act, and Percival, before it had half fallen, hastened towards the spot just occupied by the loved object. As the heavy roller of the drop-scene touched the ground, he was at her side. ALBERT.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Public Exhibitions.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(Concluded from page 207.)

MR. TOMKINS has contributed no fewer than nineteen pictures, many of which are of large size; four of them are in water-

colour. Half of the number represent well-known scenes in Rhenish Prussia; as two views of *Andernach*, one of the oldest cities on the Rhine—a watch-tower and the massive ramparts. *Godesberg*, with a distant view of the *Drachenfels*, is an interesting picture of that charming place of summer residence. *Rheinstein*, another of "the lions" of the Rhine, and *Part of the St. Goarhausen*, with the castle of the *Katz*; the *Mouse Tower*; and two views of *Oberwesel*, one of them including the picturesque ruin of *Schönberg*, are all that we have space to enumerate. These pictures are carefully painted: the landscape of *Godesberg* lies, as in a map, beautifully minute; but there is a coldness, a chalkiness, in the colouring, and a want of airiness, in the majority of the scenes which is hardly characteristic of their natural beauty. They lack brilliancy, and are far from realizing the noble poet's picture:

"The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear."

Nevertheless, Mr. Tomkins's pictures, from their number, size, and popularity of subjects, are among the most striking contributions to the Exhibition.

No. 97, a charming little view of *Hampstead Heath*, painted by Miss C. Nasmyth, in her best manner, reminds one how apt are the Londoners to overlook the picturesque environs of their own dear city. No. 114, *Cottage at Copthorne*, is another delightful scene of genuine English picturesqueness.

No. 161, *The Storm abating*, by J. Wilson, is a successful specimen of extraordinary atmospheric effect.

No. 187, *Portrait of Miss H. Faucit*, by Miss M. Drummond; an admirable likeness of this excellent actress and amiable young lady.

Of Mr. J. Holmes's portraits we least admire that of the late *Capt. Fitzherbert*; No. 295, *T. Peregrine, Esq.*, is, perhaps, the best.

No. 390, *The Water-carrier*, by Mr. Poole, is a clever composition, of exquisite colouring; and is, unquestionably, one of the most pleasing yet least ambitious pictures in the collection. No. 56, *The Dead Bird*, by W. Patten, a sweet-tempered girl, with the lamented one in her lap, is delicately coloured, but somewhat stiff in drawing: the picture is, however, a very interesting one. Nos. 461 and 468, *Gil Blas and Camilla*, and *Gil Blas*, by T. M. Joy, are clever illustrations.

No. 590, *The Novel-reading Housemaid*, by T. Smart, represents a girl seated in a chair devouring a *Minerva*-press volume, whilst her brooms, brushes, and dust-pan, lie useless: the girl's attitude, peculiar, by

the way, to readers of her grade, is cleverly hit. To this class of pictures belongs Mr. Buss' *Benefit of Clergy*, to our thinking, a coarse caricature—a miserable attempt at wit. No. 426, *Boy blowing Bubbles*, by E. Stevens, is carefully painted.

Of Mr. Allen's fifteen pictures, we like best his landscapes—*Woking Common—Gleaners returning—A Sandbank near Bletchingley—Woking, Surrey—and Woodcutters, Boxhill*. The painter evidently knows where to look for the picturesque; and his labours have much of the freshness of rustic scenery.

No. 51, *Romeo and Juliet*, by H. O'Neil, has been far better treated by an artist of the same name as the painter: in this picture, the parting is an unpoetic affair.

No. 118, *Scene from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, by A. J. Woolmer, is a tissue of commonplace composition, and the worst finery of colouring. Notwithstanding the "beautiful fountain," the "clear transparent basin," "the nymphs of surprising beauty," and "the silver waters" of the poet, this picture is dull and indelicate. The other pictures, by the same artist, have more or less objectionable, tricky colouring so glaring in the above scene.

No. 256, *A Privy Councillor in the Reign of Charles II.*, by A. H. Bulley, is one of Charles's pet spaniels lying in a chair of the period, which serves as "a horse" for the splendid suit of a courtier. There is some humour in the scene: but we suspect the public must be getting tired of these canine compositions. No. 348, "When I speak, let no dog bark," by R. Dadd, a dog seated in little brief authority, a four-footed Dogberry, is dry and caustic. No. 603, by the same artist, is of a higher order of merit, and pleasing fancy: it bears, in the catalogue, the epigraph:

"I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moon's sphere,
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green."

The "water-colour" subjects include several charming landscapes: Nos. 733 and 735, *Gipsy Hill*, and *White Horse Hill*, Norwood, by Miss F. Nicholas, are very pleasing specimens.

The "Sculpture" comprises only eight pieces, five of which are busts. That of Mr. Dickens is, by no means, striking.

We cannot refrain from observing that the catalogue is very inaccurate: thus—"Caledon and Amelia—*Vide Thompson's Seasons*," "Gotsburg" for "Godesberg," &c. We should rather say, "*Vide*" the Dictionary.

DIORAMA OF THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

To step in from the trottoir of St. James's Street to witness a representation of "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," was cer-

tainly passing from gay to grave, "from lively to severe." Nevertheless, the transition may have its "sweet uses."

With the leading incidents of the second obsequies of Napoleon, in December last, the newspapers of the day have, doubtless, rendered the reader sufficiently familiar. The avowed object of this reinterment was the fulfilment of the last wish of the Emperor, that "his ashes might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom he had loved so well;" and the promptitude with which the British Government acceded to the request of the French people in giving up Napoleon's remains, was an act which merits the distinction of magnanimity.

The intense interest of the spectacle at Paris—at which 150,000 soldiers are said to have assisted—induced MM. Sechan, Feuchere, Dieterle, and Desplechin, "of the Board of Arts for the Ceremony of the Funeral," to paint a series of dioramic views, which, having been exhibited in Paris, have been transferred to the Bazaar, in St. James's-street, for the like purpose. The appointments of the exhibition are in good taste: the staircase is hung with ample draperies, decorated with huge cypress wreaths, and the Imperial insignia; *au second*, is a series of lithographs of the Exhumation, Voyage to France, &c.; and *au troisième*, you enter an immense saloon formed out of the upper story of the building, the windows being darkened with draperies, and the chamber dimly lit with gas through coloured glasses, which have a remarkably sombre and funereal effect. The floor of the saloon is covered with pit-like seats, and the *tableaux*, three in number, are exhibited upon a kind of stage, by a curtain opening in the centre. Meanwhile, the funereal marches, composed for the occasion by MM. Auber, Adam, and Halevy, and the *Requiem* of Mozart, are performed.

The first *tableau* is the *Espanade of the Hôtel and Church of the Invalides*, as seen from the Banks of the Seine at the moment of the arrival of the Triumphant Car at the Place of the Chamber of Deputies. On each side of the esplanade are immense tribunes filled with spectators. The avenue is decorated with thirty-two statues of the most distinguished heroes of France, between which are tripods with burning incense. Preceding the Funereal Car, are the carriages of the Abbé Coquereau and the Members of the Commission of St. Helena, followed by eighty-six subaltern officers, bearing the banners of the eighty-six departments of France; the Prince de Joinville and his staff, and the seamen and marines of the *Belle Poule* and *Favourite*. This picture is altogether cleverly painted, and the dioramic effects are very striking, especially the atmosphere of the intensely

cold day: the sharpness of the long line of the Hôtel of the Invalides, and the tarnished dome of the Church, are excellently managed. The assembled multitude appear in almost geometrical masses: so rigidly are their outlines kept by the soldiery, that we imagine "they manage these things better in France" than in England.

The second *tableau* represents the *Interior of the Court of the Hôtel des Invalides*, called the Court Napoleon, taken from the Library. The car has halted at the gate, while the seamen of the *Belle Poule* bear the Imperial Sarcophagus to the triumphal porch erected at the entrance of the church.

The court, tribunes for spectators, and the porch, were hung with black drapery, and adorned with trophies of arms, in bronze and bas-relievo, with statues, tripods, candelabra, festoons, garlands, and chaplets of cypress and *immortelles*, and with flags, and long crape streamers. The porch is a kind of tent of black cloth, bordered with silver, and hung with the cipher of the Emperor, engraved on shields. The Imperial arms are placed over the doorway; and statues of victory, beneath portraits of the most distinguished marshals of the empire, line the sides. The architecture of this court is most effectively painted.



FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON,
IN THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, AT PARIS.

The third scene, *the Interior of the Church of the Invalides*, presents, of course, the most impressive spectacle. The plan of the building is a nave and choir, with side aisles, intersected by a dome, supported by four large masses, pierced with arches. The seats throughout are ranged *en amphitheatre*; with tribunes, or galleries for spectators, too numerous to describe. The Corinthian pilasters, which flank the nave, are adorned with gilded trophies, bearing the names of Napoleon's victories, intermixed with large tri-coloured flags; and the intercolumniations are hung with black draperies, silver bordered and fringed, lit by a massive lustre; whilst from the uppermost frieze of the nave are suspended flags taken by the French in different battles. From the door of entrance to the rails of the choir, at short distances, are placed immense bronze candabras, twelve or fourteen feet high, from which issue brilliant coloured flames. The choir and dome, which occupy, perhaps, more than half the church, separated from the nave by a flight of steps, are hung from the ground to the roof with violet-coloured cloth, and lit with hundreds of lustres suspended from the roof; whilst around hang flags, as in the nave. In the centre of the choir, in front of the altar, is erected the splendid catafalque—a representation, in gilded wood, of the marble tomb which is to take its place. The design consists, as our Engraving shews, of a massive pedestal, with a Corinthian column at each of the four angles, supporting an enriched canopy, surmounted by a huge golden ball and an eagle, with outspread wings. At the angles of the pedestal are groups of trophies, as also upon the columns; and from the frieze and dome are hung votive festoons. Beneath the canopy, upon a pedestal, are placed the sarcophagus, having an eagle at each angle, and the cipher N upon each face. Upon the area, around the steps ascending to the catafalque, are ranged tripods of burning incense. The whole scene, especially the space beneath the dome, resplendent with lights, and decorated with trophies of arms, tri-coloured banners, standards, and devices, is truly effective; heightened as is its impressiveness by the rolling of drums, the reverberating and constantly recurring sounds of (musical) cannon, and muffled drums. The action is briefly as follows: King Louis Philippe, on the right, surrounded by his ministers and the grand dignitaries of France, is advancing to meet the coffin. The Prince de Joinville is on the highest step leading to the nave—having accomplished the mission entrusted to him; and behind him are the seamen of the *Belle-Poule* and *Favourite*, bearing the remains. On the left is the Archbishop of Paris, at the head of his clergy.

The Imperial Pall is supported by Generals Bertrand and Gourgand, and two Marshals, accompanied by an Admiral of France, and followed by a very numerous *cortège*. The sword of Napoleon was placed upon his coffin by Bertrand; and when the mass was finished, and holy water had been sprinkled on the *catafalque* by the various persons who took part in the ceremonial, the pageant closed, and the multitude slowly withdrew.

This exhibition, as a specimen of dioramic art, independently of its countless interesting associations, is worthy of liberal encouragement, which, we trust, it will receive. For the entire appreciation of its minuteness, the visitor will do well to provide himself, at the Bazaar, with a handsomely printed Memoir of Napoleon, with an Account of his Obsequies, and a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the Tableaux. This *livraison* has been mainly abridged from the popular *History of Napoleon*, illustrated by Horace Vernet.

GALILEO.

GALILEO appears to have been "a prince of good fellows;" or, in the language of sober biography, "he was more fond of society than might have been expected from his studious habits. His habitual cheerfulness and gaiety, and his affability and frankness of manner, rendered him an universal favourite among his friends. Without any of the pedantry of exclusive talent, and without any of that ostentation which often marks the man of limited though profound acquirements, Galileo never conversed upon scientific or philosophical subjects except among those who were capable of understanding them. The extent of his general information, indeed, his great literary knowledge, but, above all, his retentive memory stored with the legends and the poetry of ancient times, saved him from the necessity of drawing upon his own peculiar studies for the topics of his conversation."

Galileo was hospitable and benevolent; liberal to the poor, and generous in the aid which he administered to men of genius and talent, who often found a comfortable asylum under his roof: though himself abstemious in his diet, Galileo was a *lover of good wines*, of which he always received the choicest varieties out of the Grand Duke's cellar; and the Italian astronomer is known to have devoted some of his leisure hours to the cultivation of the vine. It is quite refreshing to find that this illustrious man, notwithstanding, by persecution, he ostensibly abjured the doctrine of the *motion of the earth*, relished its choicest luxury—wine: the good things of this world are commonly enjoyed by the fools; but, in the above case, they were largely participated by the philosopher.

MELODIA.

I MET once, in my girlish hours,
A creature soft and warm;
Her cottage bonnet, filled with flowers,
Hung swinging on her arm;
Her voice was sweet as the voice of love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay like a snowy dove,
In a nest of neat brown curls:
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange sweet name.

I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft, as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seem'd a beauty set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But oh! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes;
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one, for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers;
But who can paint the spell that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'Twould take an angel from above
To paint th' immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

Her bosom was a soft retreat
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To love's delicious tone;
It dwelt within its circle, free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze,
Before it throws its leaves apart
And trembles like the love-touched heart.

She was a creature strange as fair,
First mournful and then wild,
Now laughing on the clear bright air
As merry as a child;
Then, melting down as soft as even
Beneath some new control,
She'd throw her hazel eyes to heaven,
And sing with all her soul,
In tones as rich as some young bird's,
Warbling her own delightful words,
Melodia! oh how soft thy darts!

How gentle and how sweet!
Thy song enchained a thousand hearts
And drew them to thy feet;
And as thy bright lips sang, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of the lay
Had left, while melting on the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.
Sweet vision of that starry even!
Thy virgin beauty yet,
Next to the blessed hope of heaven,
Is in my spirit set;
It is a something shrined apart—
A light from memory shed,
To live until this tender heart
On which it lives is dead,
Reminding me of brighter hours,
Of summer eve, and summer flowers.

Louisville Journal.

CHUSAN.

(Concluded from p. 197.)

THE natives of this island do not inter
their dead as in the southern provinces;

but the corpse is placed upon the ground
in a wooden coffin, covered with a lid, easily
removed, and highly polished; around
which the wild flowers and creepers blossom.
In most of the houses entered on the
island, these large boxes were the first ar-
ticles that met the eye. In the tenanted
graves which were opened, the body ap-
peared dressed as in life; the pipe and to-
bacco lay on the breast, and loaves and rice
at the unconscious head.

The officer commanding the party visited
a large farm-house, which was buried in a
grove of palm and citron trees, and sur-
rounded by a garden, wherein the Cape
jessamine and other flowers spread around
their delicious perfumes. This building
was a good specimen of the country dwell-
ings: a large wooden gateway led to a
yard or court, surrounded, on two sides, by
outhouses, serving as granaries and places
to dry fruit; whilst the remaining sides
were the apartments of the family, and the
Hall of Ancestors, a room used in common
by all the members of the household. The
front of this hall was prettily trellised over,
and rested on pillars, dry-rubbed and
carved: the interior was furnished with
matted sofas and little tables, whereon were
placed tea-cups and pipes.

Lord Jocelyn relates that during a con-
versation with a captured party, who had
taken up a position in a neighbouring
temple, armed merely with their implements
of agriculture, two little children stole out
of one of the houses; and although they
were at first terrified by the strangers, his
lordship succeeded in tempting one, a very
pretty child, to play with a gay cap which
he wore on his head. A few quarter-dollars
soon made them great friends; and the
people, seeing the strangers were not the
bloody-minded barbarians they expected,
became as troublesome from their curiosity
as they had formerly been coy. No part of
the dress of the British was left untouched,
and their hands were examined, by which
the Chinese appeared to judge of their situa-
tions in life.

The halting places were, generally, in
the temples, and the villages supplied pro-
visions. The Chinese, so far as these jos-
houses are concerned, shew very little re-
spect for their religion: they are constantly
used as caravanseries; and the mandarins,
if their rank is superior to the jos's as a god,
place the latter outside the building during
their sojourn.

On the third evening was reached a small
town buried in a thick wood, the entrance to
which was over a curious bridge, formed,
like most of those in Tinghai, of three slabs
of stone, the centre lying parallel to the
water, whilst the one on each side slants up-
wards from the bank, resting at one end on
the land, and at the other dovetailed into

the centre stone. These are often seen fourteen feet long, by four or five in breadth; how they are placed in the above position seems extraordinary, as no machinery for the purpose has been found.

Having failed to recover the compradore, the party made for the coast, with the principal inhabitants of a village, as prisoners: the men had nearly all been so severally attacked by agues and dysentery, from the malaria of the paddy-grounds, that how to get them back became a matter of consideration. Fortunately, however, next morning a steamer came in with the second plenipotentiary on board, and in this vessel they were next day conveyed to Tanghai. They previously made another day's journey along the coast, in which the men were much distressed from weakness and disease. Lord Jocelyn relates a touching instance of the tenderness of the wearied soldiers in carrying to the coast a wounded Chinaman, a prisoner, who, in attempting to escape, had both his legs shot through by a musket-ball. "Through the long night, still suffering from the effects of the day's heat, which is nowhere in India more terrible than here, without one morsel to eat, they bore the wounded man over the high and craggy rocks, and down their steep sides, for many miles, without a murmur, until past midnight; and this is the power of endurance which raises the British soldier to his proud preeminence among the armies of Europe."

In the passage to Tanghai, the party passed by Poutou, a small island within musket-shot of Chusan: it proved to be the Mecca of the Chinese religion, to which the worshippers of Budh make frequent pilgrimages, somewhat in the style of the Musulman Hadji. It has rocky stairs winding along the side of the hills, clothed with citron and other trees; together with temples buried in the rocks and jungle, and a monastery, containing some fifty priests.

The two remaining chapters of Lord Jocelyn's Journal relate to the expedition to the Gulf of Pechelle, with the landing at the mouth of the Peiho; and lastly, the return to Chusan, and the state and prospects of the British in that island. In the former, the squadron fell in with three pirate junks, one having upwards of a hundred men on board, more than half of whom were killed by our well directed volleys; the remainder jumped overboard and made for the shore, which they were never destined to reach in their wounded state; the junk was then burnt and set adrift, but the two others escaped. These junks, and the men-of-war, carry nets along the quarter, which they effectively throw over small boats that may come alongside in a *mêlée*: to our steamers the Chinese have given the name of *fire ships*. In coasting along Tartary, where

the *Chinese Wall* meets the sea, (not at the point generally supposed, but at a large town, apparently a place of great trade,) this vast work is seen scaling the precipice, and topping the craggy hills of the country, which have a most desolate appearance. Some of the party who went in-shore in the steamer within two miles distance, discovered that the opinion hitherto received from Lord Macartney's works, that the wall came down abruptly into the sea, is erroneous, as it traverses a low flat for some miles from the foot of the mountains before entering the town, which stands at the water's edge.

Lord Jocelyn next relates an occurrence which shews the character of some, at least, of the inhabitants of the Chinese seas in the brightest colours. One of the transports, called the *Indian Oak*, that had been sent from Chusan, was unfortunately wrecked on the coast of Great Loo Choo, of which island Captain Basil Hall published so interesting a picture several years since. The kindness of the natives to the wrecked mariners, in the above instance, exceeded all hitherto known. They received them on the beach with open arms, changed their dripping clothes for their own, brought them into their houses and fed them; and even wandered along the coast, endeavouring to pick up articles washed from the vessel, returning them to their right owners, who believed that not a single nail of the vessel that was driven on shore was appropriated by a native without permission. Their greatest anxiety was to send home the remains to Queen Victoria; and at length they decided on building a junk out of her relics to send to England, as they said to her majesty. She came into Chusan in the beginning of October, and seemed rather a pretty vessel, although the sailors had painted upon the stern "the Folly."

On the 24th of October, Lord Jocelyn being, from severe illness, unfit for further duty, started for England; and proceeding southward, arrived at Macao at the end of the month. The British fleet was blockading the river, and the noble author had then an opportunity of seeing the Bogue forts. The Chumpee point, underneath which Captain Smith, in the *Volage*, in November, 1839, had an affair with the Chinese junk, is situated at the entrance of the Tiger's mouth. Here one of our blockading ships at present lies; should subsequent affairs drive us to the necessity of more stringent measures with the Chinese, this *hill*, and the neighbouring island of Whangtung will be the points found necessary for us to operate upon. Chumpee is a lofty hill, on the left bank of the river, with a small fortification on the summit, mounting a number of guns, of which some are thirty-twos. Whangtung lies at some distance further up the river,

at the entrance of a part called the Woman's Shoe; from its situation, the surrounding batteries might be easily shelled and kept in awe.

"Thus, to all appearance, (adds Lord Jocelyn,) does this Chinese war, if so it may be termed, seem drawing to a close. Their government necessarily feel that they are weak and totally unprepared for resistance; and what they dread more than all, they already see faintly glimmering in the distance—namely, the internal struggle it must bring upon the country."

We cannot conclude without reiterating our opinion of the excellent sense and amiable feeling evinced by the noble author throughout his brief Narrative; for they are alike conspicuous in every page. We have likewise to thank his lordship for thus correcting an Error of the Day, in a note at page 23: "The public in general appear to blame the heads of the Expedition for endeavouring to gain the ends of government by a conciliation instead of a war, which, undertaken against a nation so puerile in that art, would better deserve the name of murder, and would certainly add no laurels to British valour."

NEW FACTS IN THE ECONOMY OF OYSTERS.

M. KRÖYER, in a little work published at Copenhagen, giving a full account of the Danish Oyster-banks, has introduced the following newly-observed facts in the natural history of the Oyster, by which previous statements are enlarged:—

"In the Jütland oysters the author found six pearls, two of which were of the size of peas, and the others of small shot; but, generally speaking, they are rare, and of small dimensions. In the oyster-banks of Schleswig the *Ostrea hippopus* occurs along with the *Ostrea edulis*; but, as its taste is inferior, it is of inferior value as an article of trade. Regarding the period of propagation, it resulted from the investigations of the author, that it does not appear to take place simultaneously. He found, in July and August, individuals which, on opening the shell, contained a milky fluid, which exhibited, under the microscope, very minute but perfectly formed young ones, provided with a thin shell; but such oysters were rare, for hardly one was met with in ten. The opinion that oysters, at the period of their propagation, are lean and of a bad watery taste, is fully proved to be erroneous; when newly taken out of the sea, their taste is just as good in summer as in winter; and there is no foundation for the belief that the eating oysters in summer is unhealthy. The statement, that oysters only live in such places as are never un-

covered during the greatest ebb of the tide, is limited by the author. In northern districts they cannot endure the cold at low water, and hence they live at a greater depth. But several of the oyster-banks of Schleswig have so low an amount of water that they are bare during a great ebb, or during certain winds. The author has ascertained similar facts on the Norwegian coast. On the west coast of Schleswig, it has often been remarked, that in summer oysters occupy spots which are even frequently laid bare, and that the oysters in these places can thrive a considerable time when the winters are mild; but if a frost take place, they speedily succumb. An examination of the position of the oyster-banks of Jütland and Schleswig does not confirm the idea that oysters flourish more especially at the mouths of rivers. M. Krøyer very correctly remarks, that we are not to regard oyster-banks as elevated portions of the submarine land, or as rocks or sand-banks, &c., to which the oysters are attached by their valves; but merely to understand by them those parts of the bottom of the sea on which oysters occur in large numbers. Where the submarine land consists of rocks and loose stones, the oysters adhere partly to the projecting portions of the rocks and to the separate stones; but many likewise lie loose on the bottom: the latter is, of course, always the case when the bottom consists of loam, sand, or mud, except when several have grown together in irregular heaps of three, four, or five individuals. More than five or six are not united; because, were they to grow together in too large masses, the lowest would be prevented, not only from being developed, but likewise from opening their shells. It is likewise not correct that they always rest on the valve which is turned downwards. The circumstance of a much larger number of young individuals not being met with on the banks of Denmark, the author is inclined to attribute to the numerous enemies of the oysters, of which the worst are the voracious sea-stars. *Ciona celata* of Grant is so far prejudicial to oysters, that its groups penetrate the shells, and pierce holes in them, thus rendering them soft and brittle, so that their inmates are deprived of their protection, and more exposed to their enemies. Such pierced oysters are also not willingly taken by dealers, as they are easily broken in the packing. The author discusses the circumstances that are favourable and unfavourable to the prosperity of oysters, and states, as the place best adapted for their development, a flat, firm bottom, at a depth of from five to fifteen fathoms, where the current is not violent. Too strong a current carries away the young brood: a flat bottom, and an inconsiderable depth, facilitate the fishing."

New Books.

Memoirs of the Colman Family. By Richard Brinsley Peake.

[Few of the many volumes of dramatic biography that have, of late years, issued from the chests and coffers of publishers, and the vain glory of the press, have been so sterling in their contents as the work before us. The Colmans, every play-reader or play-goer knows, have contributed largely to our stock drama; and they have been liberally remunerated. Their plays, it must be owned, were, in some respects, written "for the nonce;" they abound in fulsome compliments to English feeling, such as the "Twelvepenny Colony" were more prone to seize upon formerly than in the present day: the cause of this distinction we will not stay to debate; but certain it is that the Colmans contributed more to the amusement, and we hope, improvement, of the public than any other caterers of the same class; and they deserve the shrine of two octavo volumes, such as those before us. These are stated to include the Colmans' "Correspondence with the most distinguished Personages of their Time," which would lead a foreign reader to expect that the drama received higher encouragement formerly than at the present time. Of course, these volumes are very amusing; for, playwrights and actors are the pleasantest associates in existence; and an evening in "the wings" or the green-room is still among the greatest treats of the town. We have, therefore, anything but difficulty in detaching a page or two of entertainment from the work before us.]

Footo's Envy.

"Footo could not bear to see anybody or anything succeed in the Haymarket but himself and his own writings, and forgot that a failure of the new scheme might possibly endanger the regular payment of his annuity. His pique broke out sometimes in downright rudeness. One morning he came hopping upon the stage during the rehearsal of the Spanish Barber, then about to be produced; the performers were busy in that scene of the piece when one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder. 'Well,' said Footo drily to my father, 'How do you go on?' 'Pretty well,' was the answer, 'but I cannot teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do.' 'Can't you?' replied Footo, 'then read him your last Comedy of the "Man of Business," and he'll yawn for a month.' On another occasion he was not less coarse, though more laughable, to an actor, than he had been to the manager. This happened when Digges, of much cele-

brity out of London, and who had come to town from Edinburgh, covered with Scottish laurels, made his first appearance in the Haymarket. He had studied the antiquated style of acting, in short he was a fine bit of old stage-buckram, and Cato was therefore selected for his first essay. He 'discharged the character' in the same costume as it is to be supposed was adopted by Booth, when the play was originally acted, that is, in a shape, as it was technically termed, of the stiffest order, decorated with gilt leather upon a black ground, with black stockings, black gloves, and a powdered periwig.*

"Footo had planted himself in the pit, when Digges stalked on before the public thus formidably accoutred. The malicious wag waited till the customary round of applause had subsided, and then ejaculated, in a pretended under-tone, loud enough to be heard by all around him, 'A Roman chimney-sweeper on May-day!' The laughter which this produced in the pit was enough to knock up a *débutant*, and it startled the old stager personating the stoic of Utica: the sarcasm was irresistibly funny, but Footo deserved to be kicked out of the house for his cruelty, and his insolence in mingling with the audience, for the purpose of disconcerting a brother actor."

Colman the Younger, and Jekyll.—Dr. Johnson's Funeral.

"Among the residents in the same staircase. I had the good fortune to find one with whom it was a great pleasure to me, and no less advantage, to cultivate a neighbourly intercourse, which everybody will readily conceive, when I mention the name of Jekyll. He made me a welcoming and a welcome visit on my arrival at my new abode; and glancing over the articles of my establishment, observed a piece of frivolity I had brought with me, which must have appeared to him, as he was then practising at the bar, a great interruption to the study of Coke upon Littleton. This was a round cage with a squirrel in it. He looked for a minute or two at the little animal which was performing the same operation as a man in the tread-mill, or a donkey in the wheel, and then quietly said, 'Ah! poor devil! he is going the home circuit!' if locality can

* Davies, in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, says, "The heads of the English actors were, for a long time, covered with large full bottomed periwigs. Until within these last twenty-five years, our Tamerlanes and Catos had as much hair on their heads as our Judges on the Bench. Booth was a classical scholar, and well acquainted with the polite arts; he was conversant with the remains of antiquity, with busts and coins, nor could he approve such a violation of propriety, but his indolence got the better of his good taste, and he became a conformist to a custom which he despised. I have been told, that he and Wilks bestowed forty guineas each on the exorbitant thatching of their heads."

make a good thing better, this technical joke was particularly happy from being uttered in the Temple.

"I commenced my second drama on the morning of the 20th of December, 1784, a remarkable day in the annals of modern learning; for I had not written half an hour when I was interrupted by the intelligence that the funeral procession of the great Doctor Johnson was on its way from his late residence in Bolt Court, down Fleet-street, to Westminster Abbey.

"I threw down the pen, and ran forth from my two pair of stairs chambers in the Temple to gaze at the mournful train attendant upon the corpse of this literary Leviathan; but was disappointed in my expectations of its grandeur. Garrick's sepulchral pomp which I had witnessed five years previously, when I was soon to leave Westminster School, had been much more splendid and imposing.

"The only principal mourners on the present occasion were, I believe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great Edmund Burke, Sir John Hawkins, my father, and the deceased Doctor's black man.* Among others who attended were Doctor Horsley, General Paoli, Hoole the translator of Metastasio, with several holders-up of conspicuous authors' tails, I mean commentators and printers, such as Stevens, Malone, Nichols, and others. But, however inferior to Garrick's funeral solemnities, I deemed Johnson's obsequies fully sufficient, for I was then so bigoted to theatricals that I looked upon the stage as the only field in which the lasting leaves of bay were to be gathered; and I contemplated the mighty Johnson only as a minor dramatist, whose tragedy of Irene had not been so popular as the musical comedy of Two to One!"

Braham's First Appearance.

On April 21, 1787, Braham appeared at Covent Garden Theatre for the first time on any stage, for the benefit of Leoni. "At the end of the opera," observes a critic of the day, "Master Braham, a pupil of Leoni, sung 'The Soldier Tired,' with excellent taste and judgment. His voice is clear and harmonious, free and unembarrassed in his person, with an open countenance. There cannot be a doubt of his becoming a great favourite of the public." Upon this trial, Palmer engaged Braham for the Royalty Theatre.

It is worthy of remark, that in the same week Signora Storace made her first appearance at the Italian Opera, in Pacsiello's Opera "Gli Schiavi per Amore." She was the daughter of Storace, the predecessor of Gariboldi on the bass, and her mother was the sister of Dr. Trusler. She had every

foreign advantage, and among the best, the school of Allegranti. Her lower notes were the best. Though not beautiful, she was interesting. She had then the *embonpoint charmante* of twenty-two.

It is an odd circumstance, considering the long subsequent connexion between Mr. Braham and Madame Storace, that they should have made their *débuts* before the London public within three days of each other.

Size of Theatres.

The principal London Theatres are too large for all the purposes they should accomplish; too large for the perfect convenience of vision, and for an easy modulation of speech; too large to

"Hold the mirror up to nature."

so as to give a full and just reflection of her delicate features and proportions; and theatrical proprietors seem to be of this opinion, by giving of late more into spectacle, melo-drama, and opera, which may be better seen and heard at a distance, than those representations which have been quaintly termed the Legitimate Drama. The proprietors may possibly plead, that there is a dearth of legitimate dramatists, and it may be so; it has been averred to be the case in all ages; but few regular shoemakers are inclined to take the trouble of making shoes, when they find so much encouragement given to them for cobbling. Between managers and the town, who leads or who drives is a problem of difficult solution; do they not by turns lead and drive each other?

Colman's Jokes.

Colman and Bannister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-Chancellor, who, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the Wool-sack."

An old lady named Wall had been an actress in a subordinate situation many seasons in the Haymarket theatre, for whom Colman from early associations appears to have had a kind consideration. We must all pay the debt of nature, and in due time the old lady died. Somebody from the theatre went to break the intelligence to Colman; who, on hearing it, inquired "whether there had been any bills stuck up?" The messenger replied in the negative, and ventured to ask Mr. Colman, why he had put that question? Colman answered, "They generally paste bills on a *Dead Wall*: don't they?"

Colman, himself no giant, was singularly fond of quipping persons of short stature. Liston, and pretty little Mrs. Liston, were dining with him, and towards evening, when

* Francis Barber, his old and faithful servant.

preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. ('ELL,') indeed," exclaimed Colman, "Mrs. Inch, you mean."

One day, speaking of authorship as a profession, Colman said, "It is a very good walking stick, but very bad crutches."

A Mr. Faulkener had been engaged at the Haymarket from a provincial theatre, and appeared in a comedy without producing any great sensation: in fact, Colman was disappointed with his new actor, who had to deliver the following line, which he spoke in a nasal tone,

"Ah! where is my honour, now?"

Colman, who was behind the scenes, took a hasty pinch of snuff, and muttered "I wish your honour was back at Newcastle again with all my heart."

Another aspirant for Thespian honours made his debut at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Octavian, in the *Mountaineers*. It was discovered very early in the performance that he had undertaken a task for which he was unqualified. Colman was in the green-room, and growing fidgety, when the new performer came to the line,

"I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better."

"I'll be hung if you will," said Colman, "if you cry your eyes out!"

The Gatherrr.

Dietetics.—Mossop, the tragedian, adapted his diet to his duties: if at night he had to play the part of a tyrant, he dined upon pork, nearly raw; while the character of a lover required the milder repast of boiled tripe or a knuckle of veal.

Hardham's 37.—John Hardham was Garrick's under-treasurer, and kept a snuff shop in Fleet-street, at the sign of the Red Lion, where he contrived to get into high vogue a particular *poudre de tabac*, still known as "Hardham's 37." Stevens, while daily visiting Johnson in Bolt-court, on the subject of their joint editorship of England's Dramatic Bard, never failed to replenish his box at the shop of a man who was for years the butt of his witticisms. Hardham died a bachelor, September 20, 1772, and bequeathed 6000*l.*, the savings of a busy life, for the benefit of the poor of his native city, Chester.

The splendid Library at Frogmore, the property of the late Princess Augusta, has been purchased by the King of Hanover. It was originally the property of Queen Charlotte, and consists of upwards of 5000 volumes of choice standard works.

Poverty.—In France, like Ireland, po-

verty seems no bar to happiness.—*Lady Chatterton*.

In a shop-window in Paris: "Here they spike English."

Oddities.—The French painter Victor Hugo and Tamburini's faces upon their pen-wipers; which is about as absurd as the portraits on our pocket-handkerchiefs.

Rare Bird.—On the 14th ultimo a remarkably fine specimen of the black-throated diver, a bird which is rarely seen in England, was shot in the river Severn, near Tewkesbury. From the circumstance of this being a male bird, and a female of the same species having, a few days before, been shot near Worcester, it may be presumed that a pair of them took their flight together from the more northern regions of the globe.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

Fossil.—At the Marquess of Northampton's *soirée*, on the 13th ult., Dr. Mantell exhibited the perfect shell of a marine turtle, about seven inches in length, and four in breadth, imbedded in a block of pure white chalk; and from the dark chocolate colour of the fossil, the contrast with the matrix was very striking, and displayed the characters of the fossil to great advantage. So cleverly has it been taken from the block, that the upper part of the shell admits of removal, and the bones of the sternum and abdomen are thus exposed. This specimen was discovered by Dr. Benstead, of Maidstone, in the chalk near that town.—*Times*, abridged.

Electro-magnetism.—The Germanic Diet has voted a reward of 100,000 florins, (250,000 fr.) to the inventor of the electro-magnetic machine, to supersede the steam-engine.

The Temple of Apollo, at Delphi, even when we calculate value as of the present time, was enormously rich. King Cræsus presented 117 blocks of gold, in thickness the breadth of a hand, six times as long, and thrice as broad, each of which weighed two talents; a golden lion of ten talents; a large golden tripod upon which the Pythia sat, with the golden statue of Apollo. Beyond this there were cups of gold, each eight talents in weight; and one of silver, containing 600 amphoræ, in which the wine was mixed at the feast of the Theophania, &c. In spite of the various plunderings, in the time of Pliny more than 3000 statues remained. But all is now robbed, destroyed—it has disappeared, and on the holy territory of Apollo, is a small, poor village of frail tenements.—*Fiedler's Greece: Foreign Quarterly Review*.

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